

BASEBALL

RACING & SPORTS

PRICE ONE CENT.

EVENING EDITION

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NIGHT

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BANK CASHIER CONFESSES TO THEFT OF \$40,000.

Enoch L. Cowart, of the Navesink National, of Red Bank, Confronted by Examiner Mason with Erasures in the Books, Admits that He Robbed the Concern.

Cashier Enoch L. Cowart, of the suspended Navesink National Bank, at Red Bank, N. J., has confessed to Bank Examiner W. A. Mason, who is acting as receiver, that he embezzled \$40,000 of the bank's funds.

Accompanied by his wife, he went from his home at Asbury Park late this afternoon to surrender to the United States authorities and turn over to the bank authorities what property he possesses.

Cowart surrendered himself to the United States Marshall and was arraigned by the United States Commissioner at Freehold. He was held in \$10,000 bail.

Cowart was prevailed upon to make confession and restitution by Receiver Mason, who told him that to do so would go a long way in mitigating his punishment.

Cashier Was Prostrated.

When Mr. Mason, acting as a Federal Bank Examiner, discovered discrepancies, erasures and false entries in the bank's books, Cashier Cowart was prostrated and was not able to leave his home at Asbury Park. The receiver went to him there and he made a clean breast of everything.

Cowart said he had diverted the bank's funds, first to pay dividends on the bank's stocks in order to keep up its price, and later he began taking money to keep up the extravagant style of living he indulged in at Asbury Park.

In Red Bank Cowart was known as a steady and practical business man. He had been with the bank for twelve years and was responsible for what prominence it had attained. He had been the moving factor in its reorganization.

In Asbury Park he mingled with a fast set and lived at an extravagant pace which his salary did not justify. No inkling of his double life ever

BIG CROWD AT BALL GAME; IRISH LAD BEAT HERMIS

NEW RECORD BY IRISH LAD.

Game Colt Wins the Champion Stakes in a Drive from Hermis and Heno—Beats Waterboy's Record of 2.05 3-5.

DELHI CAPTURES \$30,000 HOPEFUL

Killing Made on Monte Carlo at 15 to 1 by the Wise One Who Backed Him Against Hurstbourne.

THE WINNERS.

FIRST RACE—Monte Carlo (15 to 1), Hurstbourne (13 to 5) 2, Sir Vorhies 3. Time—1.26 1-5.

SECOND RACE—Lavator (11 to 5), Fulminate (16 to 5) 2, Valdez 3. Time—5.06.

THIRD RACE—Delhi (4 to 1), Highball (50 to 1) 2, Palm Bearer 3. Time—1.13 1-5.

FOURTH RACE—Irish Lad (9 to 10), Hermis (4 to 1) 2, Heno 3. Time—2.05.

FIFTH RACE—Carbuncle (4 to 1), True Blue (20 to 1) 2, Somerset 3. Time—1.43 3-5.

SIXTH RACE—Stonewall (20 to 1), Carroll D. (20 to 1) 2, Mosketo 3. Time—1.50.

RACE TRACK, SARATOGA, N. Y., Aug. 15.—The \$20,000 Hopeful and the \$10,000 Champion were the features of the card this afternoon, and a big crowd was in attendance. Special trains from Albany, Troy and other nearby towns brought crowds of racegoers to Saratoga and they added very materially to the attendance. It was the largest of the week, probably 12,000 people watching the contest decided.

COLLECTION OF THE DAY

The William Storie was in the harbor this afternoon. She was going to the boat managed to get to Battery Pier with her bows stove in and to land her passengers, some of whom were in a hurry, as she was evidently in a bad way. She was safely landed, and the steamship was towed to the pier.

GIANTS WIN

CINCINNATI 1 2 0 0 1 2 1 0 1—8
NEW YORK 0 0 0 0 3 0 0 0 0—3

BROOKLYN 4; ST. LOUIS 3—SECOND GAME.
ST. LOUIS 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 1 0—3
BROOKLYN 0 0 1 1 2 0 0 0—4

At Boston—First game: Pittsburg, 5; Boston, 1.
Second Game—End of seventh: Pittsburg, 5; Boston, 8.

INVADERS VS. CLEVELAND

CLEVELAND 0 0 0 1 0 0
INVADERS 0 0 3 1 1 0

At Detroit—End of seventh: Boston, 5; Detroit, 2.
At Chicago—End of sixth: Philadelphia, 3; Chicago, 1.
At St. Louis—End of fourth: Washington, 2; St. Louis, 1.

TITUS BEATEN AT WORCESTER.

At Worcester this afternoon Frank B. Green, of the East Boston A. Boat Club, won; F. Vesely, First Bohemian Boat Club, New York, was second; C. S. Titus, Atlanta Boat Club, New York, third.

LATE RESULTS AT ST. LOUIS.

Third Race—Wenick 1, Dr. Cartledge 2, Pretension 3.
Fourth Race—Miss Mac Day 1, Kindred 2, Stand at 3.
AT HARLEM.
Third Race—Schwaibe 1, Bragg 2, Judge Himes 3.
Fourth Race—Rankin 1, Telamon 2, St. Minor 3.

BICYCLE RACING.

The ten-mile professional race at Manhattan Beach was won by Floyd McFarland.

KNOCKED DOWN AND KICKED A WOMAN

John Quinn, Said by the Police to Be a Pickpocket, Viciously Attacked Mrs. Catherine Kenny in Broadway.

A man who gave the name of John Williams and said he lived at No. 306 West One Hundred and Fifth street, was arraigned before Magistrate Flannery in Jefferson Market Court to-day charged with assaulting Mrs. Catherine Kenny.

In court he was recognized by Policeman Foley as John Quinn, a pickpocket, whose picture is in the Rogues' Gallery. The police say he has been lately impersonating policemen and threatening women who happened to be out late at night.

Mrs. Kenny, who is twenty-two years old and lives at No. 453 Ninth avenue, was knocked down and kicked at Broadway and Twenty-first street last night as she was on the way to meet her husband.

She told the Magistrate that she and a woman friend had left a Broadway car and were about to walk over West Twenty-first street when Quinn came along and without any provocation knocked her down and kicked her.

Her cries attracted the attention of Policeman Hughes, of the West Thirtieth street station, who arrested the man.

Thi only statement that could be got out of Quinn was that he thought it was another woman. He was held in \$500 bail for trial.

DRAGGED A BLOCK BY RUNAWAY HORSE

Policeman James J. Healy Clung to the Lines and Was Pulled Along the Street by Frightened Animal.

Policeman James J. Healy, of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street Station, will in all probability receive official recognition from Commissioner Greene, if not a medal, for the bravery he displayed in stopping a runaway horse at One Hundred and Thirty-first street and Madison avenue this afternoon.

The horse belonged to Dr. Edward Perkins, of No. 224 West One Hundred and Twenty-first street, and was driven by Henry Benhorth, the doctor's coachman.

The physician's rig was standing in front of No. 12 East One Hundred and Thirtieth street, where he was upstairs making a call. A grocery wagon owned by O. Sasse, of One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street and Lenox avenue, turned the corner suddenly and ran into the doctor's runaway. The doctor's horse took fright, overturned the grocery wagon and started eastward at a wild gallop. Benhorth tried to check the horse's mad speed, but the animal got the bit in his teeth, and the harder the driver pulled on the reins the faster the animal went.

As the horse turned into Madison avenue the front wheel hit the curb, and Benhorth was thrown out and severely bruised.

Policeman Healy saw the runaway coming toward him. He leaped at the lines and ran with the animal for a few paces, but the speed was too much for him and he lost his footing. He clung to the lines and was dragged a full block, but succeeded in preventing the runaway from dashing into a crowd of women and children who were directly in its path.

At One Hundred and Thirty-first street Healy succeeded in slowing the animal down so that it was an easy matter for several passers-by to stop him.

Healy was pretty badly shaken up and his uniform torn, but he bravely refused to go on the sick list.

POOLROOM RAIDED.

Police Invade Place Said to Be Backed by McGovern's Manager.

The poolroom alleged to be backed by Sam Hara, manager of Jerry McGovern, at No. 123 second avenue, was raided this afternoon.

It was in charge of Herman Rosenthal, and with a few principals, were held about ten players who were in the room were let go.

WEATHER FORECAST

Forecast for the thirty-six hours ending at 8 P. M. Sunday for New York City and vicinity: Generally fair to-night and Sunday; probably showers by Sunday night, light, variable winds becoming easterly.

HEIR FOR HERBERT PARSONS.

(Special to The Evening World.)
NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 15.—A son was born to-day at "The Rocks" to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Parsons, of New York, and was named after once John E. Parsons. Mrs. Parsons is the only daughter of Henry C. Parsons.

BEHEADED BY A TRAIN.

John J. Burns, sixty-three years old, who lived on Linden avenue, Jersey City, was beheaded in Communipaw station this afternoon by a freight train. He attempted to board a moving car and, slipping, fell under the wheels.

The body was taken to his home. Burns was married and is survived by his widow.

YOUNG GIRLS ON ENDURANCE SWIM.

Six Make the Start from Captain's Pier at Bath Beach Before a Crowd of a Thousand Other Exhibitions.

BAT BEACH, N. Y., Aug. 15.—Six young girls all under twenty years, each recognized as a long-distance swimmer, started this afternoon from the Captain's Pier, Bath Beach, in an endurance swim. The contestants were Elaine and Ethel Golding, Emily Glaser, May Fink, Vivian and Cherry Osborne. More than a thousand people watched the start. Harry Terhune and George Vancleave, of the N. Y. C. acted as judges, with Arthur Sarony as timer and Thomas Golding holding the flag. It was originally intended that suitable will be awarded to the winners of second and third place at 8 o'clock to-night.

Ethel Golding gave an exhibition swim of 100 yards. A special race for boys, 100 yards, is also scheduled. Thomas Golding, George Van Cleef and several well-known swimmers entertained the crowd during the intervals in races. A handsome silver cup, sugar bowl and milk picher, which was on exhibition on the pier, is to be awarded the winners of the endurance swim.

Two black balls were hoisted, meaning "Not under control." In reply to signals from the marine observer at Bath Beach the Ponce signalled that the trouble was not serious.

A tug went alongside and left her soon after she anchored. It is believed that a steam pipe gave way and that repairs were made as she again got under way at 4 o'clock.

STEAMER PONCE IN TROUBLE OFF HOOK

The steamer Ponce, which sailed to-day for San Juan, Porto Rico, anchored off Sandy Hook this afternoon. Steam was seen escaping around the engine room.

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PLEXUS BLOW WORTH \$32,727

Jeffries, by Knocking Out Corbett in the Great World's Heavy-Weight Championship Battle, Gets That Amount—\$10,909 for Corbett.

FIGHTERS AFTER NIGHT'S SLEEP APPEAR IN VERY GOOD SHAPE.

Nearly 11,000 Men Paid Big Prices to See One of the Greatest Struggles in Ring History—Had to Land Twice to Put the ex-Champion Out.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 15.—Despite the furious fighting in the ten-round battle last night for the world's heavy-weight championship, in which Jeffries defeated Corbett by a solar plexus blow, both contestants appeared in splendid form to-day.

After a good night's sleep and hearty breakfasts they met their friends, neither looking a bit the worse for wear.

James J. Jeffries in forty minutes last night made \$32,727.

Corbett gets \$10,909 to save the solar plexus blow that knocked him out.

Nearly 11,000 men paid from \$3 to \$20 to see the fight. The box-office took in \$62,340. Seventy per cent. went to the fighters.

Jeffries in the forty minute he was in the ring earned his money at the rate of \$800 a minute.

A SOLAR PLEXUS BLOW.

The blow that put Corbett out was practically the same that lost him the championship at Carson City—a solar plexus blow, so called—but this time it was a repeater, because the first one did not do the business.

In landing the blow Jeffries had evidently followed the advice of Fitzsimmons, who used the blow on Corbett at Carson City.

When Corbett was a bit tired out shot Jeffries's powerful left. It caught Corbett fair in the pit of the stomach. Corbett gave a gasp; he bent forward; the breath was half out of his body. Everything grew black before him. He dropped to the floor and stayed there while the clocks ticked nine, when he staggered to his feet.

Jeffries, having his man as sure as anything mortal is sure, swung out his terrible right. It landed where he meant it should. It was the finishing touch of the solar plexus, invented by the long, red-headed man in the champion's corner—Bob Fitzsimmons.

Jeffries played with Corbett for nine rounds and a half and then Corbett's seconds motioned to Referee Graney to stop the fight in order to save their man from needless punishment.

WHEN THE END CAME.

The end came shortly after the beginning of the tenth round, when Jeffries planted a terrific swing on Corbett's stomach. The man who conquered John L. Sullivan dropped to the floor in agony, and the memorable scene at Carson City, when Bob Fitzsimmons landed his solar plexus blow, was almost duplicated.

This time, however, Corbett struggled to his feet and again faced his gigantic adversary. With hardly a moment's hesitation Jeffries swung his right and again landed on Corbett's stomach. Jim dropped to the floor, and then it was that Tommy Ryan, claiming that it was all over, motioned to Referee Graney to stop the punishment.

The fight last night demonstrated beyond all doubt that Jeffries stands alone in his class.

After the fight was over Corbett quickly recovered, walked over to Jeff and shook him warmly by the hand. He said:

"Jim, you beat me fairly. You stand alone. No one can touch you."

The victory of Jeffries was not a great one. That Jeffries was in wonderful condition is true, and that he is faster in all his movements than ever before he demonstrated, but that he had a foe in no degree worthy of his prowess is also equally certain.

CORBETT'S FINE MUSCLES.

There is no doubt that Professor Dare's system of culture wrought some wonderful changes in the landscape of Corbett's form. Across the stomach was an armor of muscles. Of these muscles Corbett has been very proud, but in last night's battle they served little more than to supply a firm landing place for the boiler-maker's massive fists.

That his muscular development aided Corbett's hitting power, was not in evidence. He did land on Jeff, and on occasions landed hard, but he might just as well have spent his energy on a giant punching bag.

Corbett looked bigger than before, but the story of scales reveals but little actual gain in avoirdupois. He was also considerably slower, and but for the occasional return to his old agile self showed himself almost as lumbering as his big opponent. His foot, once so wonderful, seems to have gone with his old-time speed, and hardly once during the engagement was that famous side-step put into action.

Corbett's much-vaunted cleverness availed him little against the overwhelming rushes of his opponent. It saved him an occasional ugly swing and possibly postponed the inevitable, but it lacked the support of strength and was a woefully inadequate substitute. With his youthful strength and Corbett's power of quick thought seems also to have vanished. Jeff left opening after opening—openings that the Corbett of last night saw only too late and, seeing, found in them only incentive for a smile.

As if to show something of his control over his nimble fists and his ability to send them where he liked, Corbett bent an occasional tattoo on the boiler-maker's broad visage, but it was not fighting and Jeffries was not there for mere boxing purposes.

That Corbett is still a popular idol in the world of sport was evidenced